

# Beyond Anger

Five Meditations

by

The Most Rev. Edmond Lee Browning

Presiding Bishop and Primate

The Episcopal Church

The Annual Conference of  
The House of Bishops

*September 22-29, 1989  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

## THE FIRST MEDITATION

The Most Rev. Edmond Lee Browning

Not far from where we meet in center city Philadelphia lives a very special young lady. Her name is Melissa Krentel. Melissa lives at the Melmark Home in Berwyn, PA. Melissa has Down syndrome. Melissa's story is a modern parable. Her story, which is the theme of my meditations, is about moving beyond anger.

Melissa was born with a chromosomal abnormality that happens at the moment of conception. She was born to middle-aged parents, which is frequently the case. Her broad face, with the flat bridge of her nose, and the almond-shaped eyes and the palmar crease in her hand are the marks of her condition. The world of naming things by their appearances calls her a mongoloid.

Pearl Buck, in her book THE CHILD WHO NEVER GREW, says it all so simply: "The world is not shaped for the helpless." In such a world, Melissa is "abnormal," she is "impaired," she is "deficient."

Confused and grieving, her parents were unsure of their ability to care for her, they were concerned that their world could not cope with her. Their anxieties, built, nurtured and supported by the societal structures of "normality," lead them to place Melissa in a home for mentally handicapped children several hundred miles from their home. Then, one Christmas, Melissa came home for the holidays. Over that holiday, her parents made the decision to keep her at home. Not only did they keep her at home, but their love and faith led them to establish a home for the mentally and physically handicapped. They called this home Melmark.

In a letter to her daughter, Melissa's mother pours out her feelings, her questions and doubts, her struggles with the inescapable sorrow as she writes:

"Little did Daddy and I dream when God allowed you to be born to our family that he would simultaneously entrust us with this full-time undertaking: Melmark. So much, from so little! God used us to pour out his love for you and your friends. How we thank him for entrusting us with an inescapable sorrow: Melissa!"

Mrs. Krentel continues:

"Melmark is alive and well. God has blessed our efforts. He has exchanged our weakness for his strength, our shortsightedness for his vision, and he has used you, Melissa, our retarded daughter, as the catalyst to propel our energies toward helping to create something shining and beautiful: the home that love built."

If we are theologically sophisticated, we ask the question "What is God's hidden meaning?," when we are faced with a traumatic, life shattering event. More often, with our hearts pounding, with tears in our eyes and our rage clenched fists raised high, we emit a primal scream: "God, why did you allow this to happen to me!"

Like every new parent, when each of my children was born, I held my breath until I had secretly counted ten fingers and ten toes. I needed to know that my child was "normal." Like every parent, I was discreetly impatient until my child found a mate with whom to live a "normal" life. Like every person in this congregation, I struggle with the inescapable sorrows that penetrate my idealized world of perfection and normality. I must confess to you that one of my most difficult spiritual struggles is to avoid praying in thanksgiving that my grandchildren are not like Melissa.

Am I alone in my construction and definition of normality? Am I alone in counting toes, or worrying about who my child will marry? Am I alone in having a gut reaction to the handicapped person, to the person in a gay or lesbian relationship, to a person who constructs reality in a way different from mine? Am I alone in thanking God that I am healthy, happily married, a grandfather? Am I alone in constructing a world that images who I am, that is limited to my experiences or understanding, and calls it normal? Am I alone in being comfortable with people who are normal just like me? Am I alone in questioning why God creates a beautiful little baby girl with Down syndrome, a Melissa?

Perhaps I am uncomfortable with that which is outside my parameters of normality because I am only too aware of my own shortcomings. Perhaps I have appropriated to myself the creating and naming of all the creatures of earth and know what is good. Perhaps I sense that I am weak and do not have the resources to deal with the wrinkles in reality. Perhaps I discern the cost of stepping outside my world. Perhaps selfishly I have blocked, or diverted, or most probably totally absorbed God's love.

In the eyes of some, the broad face, the flat nose, the almond-shaped eyes and the palmar creased hands of Melissa are abnormal, an impediment to her normality. Is it so in the eyes of her Creator?

In the eyes of some, Melissa is best separated from the real world -- away from the sensibilities of the normal. Is it so in the eyes of her parents who, far from rejecting her, build a house where all her friends are welcome -- a house that love built?

To me the story of Melissa is a modern parable. Her story, as do the teaching stories of Jesus, forces us to put on new lenses to discern what God is about. What we often see with our frail and limited human vision is challenged by God who forces us to step into a new reality. God makes all things new for us.

In the eyes of some, God is cursed for allowing pain, suffering and sorrow to pierce the comfort and security of our normality. These people allow their lives to be ruled by their anger. Others receive and build upon every gift of God, even those odd-sized keystones rejected by the traditional builders. These people find the saving action of God in the signs of our time and are moved beyond anger to a new life.

At Melissa's birth, her mother prayed: "Oh God, you have placed in my arms a strange burden. I can't fully see the size or shape of it, but I know that you have tailored it to fit. You made my frame and you must have remembered that I am not very strong. Help me not to forget what I have known about you for so long a time. Please help!"

September 23, 1989



## THE SECOND MEDITATION

The Most Rev. Edmond Lee Browning

The parable begins simply enough: "Two men went up into the temple to pray, one a Pharisee and the other a tax collector." (Luke 18:10) The leanness of the story and the starkness of the lesson seem to welcome a stereotyping and black-and-white portraiture. In a superficial reading, the Pharisee comes out badly in the end. The Publican, the tax collector, the person everyone loves to hate, seems to be the hero.

How many times I have read this parable and come away thinking that God's judgment has again turned human values on their head. There is something in me that finds a comforting identification with the repentant Publican, the outcast. The sin in me reaches out to embrace the Publican and is relieved at his treatment by Jesus. I have felt a certain pleasure by Jesus putting down the righteous, sanctimonious, hypocritical Pharisee.

However, I am beginning to find the parable more troubling. The simplicity that I once found seems to have evaporated. I am finding the parable more complex, the two figures disturbingly provocative.

Upon closer examination, what is wrong with the Pharisee? He is a moral, just, upright person. He is a leader of the community, preserving its holy traditions and its faith. Frankly, the Pharisee is just the sort of person a community needs in order to evoke a sense of trust that the ultimate foundations and principles of life are in good, steady hands.

The Publican has made some very practical decisions. He has had to collaborate with the oppressive occupying military government to wring money out of his own people. He has had to compromise his purity and identity to earn a living. He was probably a very tough character. He has sacrificed his being universally liked and admired by the members of his community on the altar of practicality.

The problem that I seem to be having with this once simple parable is that I find it difficult to identify consistently with one or the other! The Pharisee and the Publican live in me and they are often at war with each other.

I feel that I am called to be a leader in a community that is crying out for quality, moral leadership. I am a member of a community that desperately needs to be grounded in the traditions of the past. I feel that I am called to help build and preserve a society that rejects extortioners, the unjust, the adulterer. I know that I am called to teach the efficacy of the spiritual disciplines of prayer, fasting, and tithing.

How much tension the Pharisee in me causes with that side of me which is forced to make tough decisions. For what I discern is to the benefit of the whole community, I am often have to choose between the lesser of evils. I am pushed and pulled into decisions that disappoint both sides of an issue. I am called to mediate between what could be and what has been. My decisions and practical compromises often tax the faithful. I guess that many of you can identify with this.

If I could rewrite the parable, I would be tempted to write that "one person went up into the church to pray and that person was in pain, being consumed by an inner, spiritual war". I would tell the story of a troubled person going to church to pray. A leader being torn between setting clear, concise and exclusionary boundaries for the sake of identity and faithfulness and throwing wide open the doors of opportunity to encourage and welcome the unknown of revelation.

My struggle with the two personalities in Jesus' parable has made me aware and sensitive to the context, the scenery if you will, of the vignette.

First, they both went to the temple to pray. In being quick to note the contrasts between them, I had missed the fact that they shared a common faith, a common ground, and an abiding trust in God. They went and prayed together in the same place, the same house -- God's house. Jesus may have drawn his characters in bold relief, but he holds them together on common ground.

Second, standing in the same place, they both pray. Different though they may be, they both approach and address their prayers to the same God. The one offers a prayer of thanksgiving; and, the other offers a prayer of penance. The one thanks God for the blessings received and revered; and, the other petitions for the blessings yet to be bestowed.

Looking carefully at the scenery, the common context, into which Jesus has placed the Pharisee and Publican, I have become less aware of the dramatic, contrasting persons and more aware of the dynamic interpersonal action. I have become more aware of how

the grace of God fills our common ground to close the gap between us.

What the Pharisee represents is not bad or evil or passe, it is what he does that draws Jesus' judgment. The Pharisee looks down on the Publican. He is arrogant. He creates a gulf between himself and the person standing at a distance against the wall of the temple. The Pharisee regards the Publican as, what is the contemporary term, "brain dead."

The Publican, who is only too aware of his isolation and the pain of separation, lowers his eyes and asks forgiveness, he confesses his sin.

The Publican's confession, his prayer of contrition, spans the gap that separates him from his God. And, his prayer for forgiveness reaches out to the religious man in the center of the temple, attempting to repair the state of sin, the separation, they both experience. He leaves the place of prayer justified.

Why do clergy have such a difficult time confessing their sins? One would think that the pain of loneliness and separation would drive us into each other's prayers and arms of forgiveness and absolution. How blessed it would be to replace gossip with confession. How healthy it would be to replace enmity with absolution. How many of us would find the peace and happiness, the communion and unity we desire and seek by asking each other for forgiveness. How blessed it would be to recognize the common ground we share rather than accentuate the difference and distance which separate us. Just look out of the corner of your eyes to the persons seated not far from you to whom you should go and say: "I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your friend."

What rejoicing there would be in heaven and on earth at the fruits of our mutual confession, repentance and absolution. What merriment would greet the lost being found. What joy awaits us as we move beyond anger to the common ground of God's grace. What joy there can be for us to worship and live together in mutual affection and affirmation, praying, as did Dag Hammarskjöld: "For all that has been - Thanks! To all that shall be - Yes!"

September 25, 1989



## THE THIRD MEDITATION

The Most Rev. Edmond Lee Browning

The news from the Middle East has made me think quite a lot about forgiveness and how important it is in any situation that needs healing. Without forgiveness we are hostage to anger. It is the giving and receiving of forgiveness that moves us beyond anger.

Anger was the problem of the Prodigal Son's brother. Remember him? He was the faithful, hardworking, loyal son. He served his father and was obedient to all his commandments. But, Jesus said that when he was told about his brother's return "he was angry and refused to go [into the welcome home feast]. His father came out and entreated him, but he answered his father, "Lo, these many years I have served you, and I never disobeyed your command; yet you never gave me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But when this son of yours came, who has devoured your living with harlots, you killed for him the fatted calf!"

When I read these words, I was struck by the anger and the violence. The so-called faithful son disowns his brother, he does not call him 'my brother' he refers to him as 'this son of yours.' His anger boils to hatred, the hatred leads him into alienation. Out of his own estimate of faithfulness and goodness, like the Pharisee in the Temple, he looks down on his brother. He is taken hostage by anger.

Have you ever noticed how much anger and violence surrounds the last days of Jesus' life. The anger of Judas that leads to betrayal. The impulsive, defensive anger that leads to the cutting off of the servant's ear that night of prayer in the Garden. The anger that leads the high-priestly family to Pilate to demand the death penalty. The violence that drove the soldiers to beat and torture their captive. The mob that mindlessly spit out their anger by shouting "Crucify him. Crucify him." The mocking, the scorn, the derision, the taunts.

The anger, hate and violence that one finds in the Passion Story remind us of the nature of evil. The Passion of Jesus reminds us that anger and hatred lock us up in the structures of evil. Anger and hatred blind our reason and compassion, making us the captive and victim of the evil, manipulating us into the mob scenes of alienation. Anger and hate stampede us to character



assassination, to denial, to the place of death outside the walls of the community. Anger and hate ring down the darkness that covers the earth.

Anger and hate lead us into the structure of evil and take us hostage within the cults of isolation. We know all too well the power of these cults. We know only too well the operation of the cults of white supremacy, the Ku Klux Klan, Jonestown, the "Skinheads." Their mania for purity, their xenophobia, their preoccupation with identity creates alienation, intolerance and, eventually, violence. These cultists are the terrorists within the body politic.

Malevolent or irresponsible leadership, understanding the dynamic of anger and fear, tap into the depths of the cult and exploit the group. The demagogue unleashes and channels the amazing power of hate. The demagogue drives the cult of isolation into the ever spiraling and expanding dynamic of anger, alienation, hatred and violence. The cults of isolation invent the cross, the concentration camp, the killing fields, and the inquisition.

Yes, we know from the Passion Story that the religious are not immune from the cult of isolation. Sadly, when they realized what they had to loose, the priestly cult entered into a conspiracy with the government of occupation and incited the mob to demand the death of Jesus. "Crucify him. Crucify him." This is the account of Jesus' passion but, unfortunately, it is too frequently repeated in the history of Christianity.

How often in the common time we occupy has the mob been exploited and driven to do violence to the Body of Christ? How many schisms plague our consciences? How many times has the Body of Christ been handed over to the government to be stripped and whipped? How many Bonhoeffer's can we name? How many times has the Body of Christ been crucified? Does the face of Oscar Romero haunts you? How many more times must we visit the place of the skull? How long will we repeat without thought to the present: "He was made man and was crucified."?

There is no greater source of anger and hatred then that which comes from our inner, individual pain and fear. There is no greater cult of isolation than our own individual private crucifixions. We find ourselves crucified on a cross of alcohol, on the cross of counter dependency. We find crucifixion in the deathly silence of our families at the dinner table, in the isolation and rejection of the marriage bed. Out of our own passion story, out of our own rage and frustration, out of our own depression and hopelessness, out of our own sense of being a victim to change, we strike out. We strike out against others,

against the church, and ultimately against God. Out of our anguish and desolation, we cry out from our crosses: "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" Our anger drives us into the mob and, with upraised fists and enraged faces, shout: "Crucify him. Crucify him."

In one of his startling meditations, Neville Ward writes: "It is probable that we fear the world within us as much as the world without, especially the accumulations of dismay and anger deposited in our lives as life has flowed by uncaught, unused, carrying so much out of sight. There is so much for us all to forgive. We can see at any rate that much of our hostility towards life and people is really our disapproval of the way things are. Ultimately it is God who is responsible for this and much of our hostility is really meant for him."

How does God respond to our enmity? Atop a cross above the raging mob, Jesus takes our anger into himself. He speaks not to our raging irrational hearts but he speaks about them. Jesus takes our rage and cruelty and hardness and hatred and puts them into a new light, the light of a more complete truth, of a perfect understanding and acceptance. He doesn't answer us back, he answers for us: "Father, forgive them because they don't know..."

September 26, 1989

## THE FOURTH MEDITATION

The Most Rev. Edmond Lee Browning

When we move beyond anger we move into community.

The Thirteenth Chapter of the Gospel according to John, the account of Jesus' farewell discourses in the Upper Room, is dark and brooding. There is no clear, concise picture of Jesus taking, blessing, breaking and sharing bread and wine. John does not paint a neat vignette of Jesus taking a towel and washing the feet of his followers. The account is one of darkness, anguish, and troubled hearts. In the Upper Room are doubt, betrayal, and denial. Of such is often the Eucharistic meal.

The drama of the shared meal is played out in shadows. Jesus dips a piece of bread in a dish, gives it to Judas Iscariot, who when he receives the bread, goes out into the night.

Peter, the Rock, boldly declares he will lay down his life for Jesus. Jesus answered, "Will you indeed lay down your life for me? I tell you in very truth, before the cock crows you will have denied me three times."

And, Thomas, ever doubting, ever needing reassurance, is assured by Jesus that he is the way, the truth and the life. And, Philip, who after he had been with Jesus for so long, had traveled with him so far, still asks to see the Father. Jesus patiently answers: "Have I been all this time with you, Philip, and you still do not know me?"

The account of the Last Supper in the Gospel According to John is not bright with the outward and visible signs of thanksgiving, of bread and wine. It recounts not the accidents of the sacrifice but the context: betrayal, denial, doubt. In the midst of the human context of sin, Jesus is truly present in the redeeming divine and human nature. Into the midst of the human context of sin, Jesus in an act of self-giving, the greatest act of thanksgiving, gives his body and blood as the perpetual saving presence. Into the darkness of sin which separates humanity from God and creates alienation among neighbors, among sisters and brothers, Jesus has set the outward signs of God's saving grace.



Our sacramental theology teaches and nourishes us with the outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace. Water, bread and wine, the laying on of hands. These outward and visible signs help us to identify and lift up those occasions that mark important moments in our relationship with God. I know that it is all too easy to get caught up in the signs and symbols, doing worship with dignity and order, being faithful to that which has been taught and passed on for generations, and lose the fundamental aspect of the action. Our sacramental theology is not only about signs and symbols it is about relationships.

The Eucharist is not about the bread and wine, the accidents, it is about the saving action of Jesus Christ and our incorporation into that action. It is about the individual's relationship with Jesus as Lord and Savior and, in turn, that person's full relationship, that is communion, with all God's children. Our theology teaches us that the action of Jesus incorporates us into his body. We are not taught that it is our action that accomplishes this. It is this theology that teaches us that we, the Peters', the Judas', the Philips, the Thomas', are in communion with each other because of Jesus' action in and through the bread and wine. We are in communion with each other because of Jesus, not Canterbury!

Peter, Judas, Philip and Thomas, you and I, are incorporated by Jesus' redeeming action into his body, the Church. The Eucharist is about Christ as much as it is about our ecclesiology. The Eucharist is about the presence of the Redeemer and about the presence of those who look to him in love and trust.

Let me share with you what I said to the meeting of the Executive Council which met this year in Fort Worth. "As I wrestled with the parable of the Marriage Feast [Matt. 22] in the midst of recent events, I found in Jesus' words the prefiguring of the mission of our church. In this parable is Jesus' instruction to his disciples about their mission. With the imagery of a meal, Jesus gave his followers the model of the community of faith. In the parable I found the vision for The Episcopal Church. I came to realize that we are called by God to be both guests AND hosts. The church is the banquet hall. Into this assembly, we are all called, invited by God. We are his guests and we enjoy the abundant hospitality. We have not made up the guest list, we don't know who will sit next to us, we may be surprised at who next comes through the door. We are not asked to judge the others but to be transformed in the presence of our host. We are fed, we are nourished, we are healed and made whole. In St. Paul's vision there are neither Greek nor Jew, slave nor free, rich nor poor, male or female -- all are united in the kingdom. Each called, each different, all in communion one with the other. All are invited and seated at the banquet table."

Is there any doubt in your mind that I believe that the Church is a sacramental, an outward and visible sign, the mediatory symbol and structure, of grace! As the Church impels us to prayer, confession, worship and other acts of devotion and service, as it moves through the external accidents of organization, it comes to realize its true essence. The Church becomes an event of grace as the lives of its members are transformed in hope, in joy, in self-forgetful love, in peace, in patience, and in all other Christlike virtues. The Church, when it realizes its sacramental nature, is a structure of grace.

In his sermon at the opening Eucharist of the Trinity Institute two years ago, the Archbishop of Canterbury said: "There's a lot of talk, a lot of writing, in the world today about leadership and modern bureaucratic society has spawned a welter of techniques concerned with the psychological and administrative teaching of leadership. We do well to learn from them provided we do not forget that Christian leadership is not a technique, but an anguish and a joy, a sacred trust and an unlimited liability. Our inspiration is not a theoretical model, but a living Lord who led the crusade for a transformed creation, not from a throne, but from a cross; who directed operations from the back of an ass's colt, not from an executive chair; whose position of authority was not only above his follower's heads but at their feet with a towel and basin in his hand; who now makes himself known to us in the breaking of fragile bread."

When we move beyond anger, we find communion with our God. When we move beyond anger, we find communion with each other. When we have moved beyond anger, when we share the broken fragile bread, we find the Lord Jesus.

September 27, 1989

## THE FIFTH MEDITATION

The Most Rev. Edmond Lee Browning

I began these meditations with a modern parable about a young lady named Melissa. I begin this last meditation with a parable written by Michael Harrington, author of The Other America: Poverty in the United States, who died this summer:

"If one were to talk to a person who has known only [the] desert and tell him that in the city there are public water fountains and that children are even sometimes allowed to turn on the fire hydrants in the summer and to frolic in the water, he would be sure one were crazy. For he knows, with an existential certitude, that it is human nature to fight over water.

"Mankind has lived now for several millennia in the desert. Our minds and emotions are conditioned by that bitter experience; we do not dare to think that things could be otherwise. Yet there are signs that we are, without really having planned it that way, marching out of the desert. There are some who are loath to leave behind the consolation of familiar brutalities; there are others who in one way or another would like to impose the law of the desert upon the Promised Land. It may even be possible that mankind cannot bear too much happiness.

"It is also possible that we will seize this opportunity and make the earth a homeland rather than an exile. That is a social project. It does not promise, or even seek, to abolish the human condition, for that is impossible. It does propose to end that invidious competition and venality which, because scarcity allowed no other alternatives, we have come to think are inseparable from our humanity."

Christian leadership is the exercise in being led. Christian leadership is the exercise of being led out of the desert of anger. Authentic Christian leadership is placing one's humanity into the hands of God.

In the feast of the broken bread, Christian leadership finds its identity and authority. In sacramental communion with the Incarnate Christ and with broken humanity, Christian leadership is shaped and fashioned. The outstretched arms of reception are also the hands extended for guidance. Christian leadership is located in being led by God.



This summer two friends each sent me a book with the promise that reading them would bring me great advice. One friend sent me Henri Nouwen's new book: In the Name of Jesus: Reflections on Christian Leadership. The other friends sent me the book popular in management circles: Leadership Secrets of Attila The Hun. I have not discovered the true intention of this book, which promotes a hard headed, soft hearted leader. Nonetheless, I accepted the gifts in the spirit in which they were given and in recognition that the issue of leadership is great in our community of faith.

[Parenthetically, for some time the Leadership Secrets of Attila The Hun sat unopened on a table in my office. I have to admit that just its presence had a great effect on meetings in my office.]

You and I know that the issue of leadership is the issue power. We can dress up this reality as we wish but the raw fact is that the quest, possession and maintenance of power is the eternal temptation of leaders. Temptation to power is always present to those who claim to be followers of the poor and powerless Jesus.

The tool of power is control. One of the "secrets" of Attila the Hun is: "A chieftain does not have to be brilliant to be successful, but he must have an insatiable hunger of victory, absolute belief in his cause and an invincible courage that enables him to resist those who would otherwise discourage him."

Power is the control of self, control over the lives and destinies of others. In the name of the poor and powerless Jesus, his disciples have launched crusades, established inquisitions, burnt dissidents, banned books, enslaved Indians, became voyeurs in homes and bedrooms. To be a leader is to be in control, to make and enforce rules, to demand uniformity of thought and action.

My dear friends, the challenge of our age and society is not secular, immoral humanism. It is the temptation to power and control. Be that power despotic or benevolent authoritarianism or social engineering, it is the temptation to our contemporary Christian leadership.

Control and manipulation have always created schism in the Church. Control and manipulation have always driven the faithful out of the pews. Control and manipulation have always thrown Christian leadership into the hands of the political and theological fascists.

Christian leaders forget at their peril the advice of Paul to Timothy: "People who want to be rich fall into temptations and snares and many foolish harmful ambitions which plunge them into ruin and destruction." [I Timothy 6:9]

Henri Nouwen, in his short but powerful book, describes a Christian leadership in which power is constantly abandoned in favor of love. He writes: "It is a true spiritual leadership. Powerless and humility in the spiritual life do not refer to people who have no spine and who let everyone else make decision for them. They refer to people who are so deeply in love with Jesus that they are ready to follow him wherever he guides them, always trusting that, with him, they will find life and find it abundantly....If there is any hope for the Church in the future, it will be hope for a poor Church in which its leaders are willing to be led." [pp. 63-64]

Fitz Allison concludes his book, Guilt, Anger, and God, with powerful challenge to choose who will lead us. He writes:

"For Christians this Lord is Jesus Christ:  
through whom God declared his righteousness in forgiving sinners,  
whose love is the goal toward which our true guilt is tugging us,  
who took and takes our anger on himself,  
who is the sure and certain hope of resurrection and the triumph of final rightness,  
who is the image of our health and humanity,  
whom we know by the knowledge of the heart,  
whom we see by the service of our wills."

Let us pray.....

To you, O Father, all hearts are open; fill, we pray, the hearts of us your servants whom you have chosen to be bishops in your Church, with such a love of you and of all the people, that we may feed and tend the flock of Christ, and exercise without reproach the high priesthood to which you have called us, serving before you day and night in the ministry of reconciliation, declaring pardon in your Name, offering the holy gifts, and wisely overseeing the life and work of the Church. In all things may we present before you the acceptable offering of a pure, and gentle, and holy life; through Jesus Christ your Son, to whom, with you and the Holy Spirit, be honor and power and glory in the Church, now and for ever. AMEN.

September 28, 1989